

OH, THINK NOT LESS I LOVE THEE

A FAVORITE

Ballad

WRITTEN BY

W. D. GALLAGHER ESQ.

ARRANGED TO AN ALPINE MELODY OF

H. PROCH

AND RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO

Miss Harriette Triplett

by

W. C. PETERS.

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Words by W.D. Gallagher Esq^r

Arranged by W.C. Peters.

Melody by H. Proch.

Andantino.

dolce.

Syr.

delicato.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Ohi, think not less I love thee, That our paths are par-*ted*

now; For the stars that burn a bove thee, Are not tru-*er* than my vow. As the

fragrance to the blossom, As the moon unto the night—, Our

love is to my blossom— Its sweet...ness and its light. Oh,

think not less I love thee, That our paths are parted now; For the

stars that burn above thee, Are not truer than my vow: For the

stars that burn a....bove thee, . Are not tru.....er than my vow: For the

stars that burn a....bove thee, Are not tru.....er than my vow.

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

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Oh, think not less I love thee,
 That thy hand I thus resign;
 In the Heav'n that bends above thee,
 I will claim thee yet as mine.
 Through the vision of Life's morning
 Ever flitted one like thee;
 And thou Life's lapse adorning,
 Shalt hence that vision be.
 Oh think not &c.....

